

The contention of the two famous Houses,
And so do good vnto the Realme of France.
Make hast my Lord, tis time that you were gone,
The time of truce I thinke is full expir'd.

Somer. I humbly thanke your royall Maiesty,
And take my leaue to poste with speed to France.

Exit Somerset.

King. Come Vnkle Gloster, now let's haue our horse,
For we will to Saint Albones presently,
Madam your Hawke they say is swift of flight,
And we will try how she will flye to day. *Exit omnes.*

*Enter Elnor, with Sir Iohn Hum, Roger Bullenbrooke a Coniurer,
and Margery Iourdain a Witch.*

Elnor. Heere sir Iohn, take this scrole of paper here,
Wherein is writ the questions you shall aske,
And I will stand vpon this Tower heere,
And heare the spirit what it sayes to you:
And to my questions, write the answers downe.

She goes vp to the Tower.

Sir Iohn. Now firs begin, and cast your spels about,
And charme the fiendes for to obey your wils,
And tell Dame Elnor of the thing she askes.

Witch. Then Roger Bullenbrooke about thy taske,
And frame a circle heere vpon the earth,
Whilst I thereon all prostrate on my face,
Do talke and whisper with the Diuels below,
And coniure them for to obey my will.

Shee lyes downe vpon her face.

Bullenbrooke makes a Circle.

Bullen. Darke night, dread night, the silence of the night,
Wherein the Furies maske in hellish troupes,
Send vp I charge you from *Sosens* Lake,
The spirit *Ascalon* to come to mee,
To pierce the bowels of this Centricke earth,
And hither come in twinkling of an eye,

Ascalon

Yorke and Lancaster.

Ascalon, Affenda, affenda.

*It Thunders and Lightens, and the
riseth vp.*

Spirit. Now Bullenbrooke what wouldst

Bullen. First of the King, what shall be

Spirit. The Duke yet liues, that Henry
But him out-liue, and dye a violent death

Bullen. What fate awaites the Duke

Spirit. By water shall he die, and take

Bullen. What shall betide the Duke

Spirit. Let him shun Castles, safer shall
plaines, then where Castles mounted stand
Now question me no more, for I must he

He sinkes downe againe.

Bullen. Then downe I say, vnto the d
Where Pluto in his fiery waggon sits,
Riding amidst the sindg'd and parched f
The rode of *Dytas* by the Riuer Stix:
There howle and burne for euer in those
Rise *Iourdain* rise, and stay thy charming
Zounds, we are betraide.

*Enter the Duke of Yorke, and the D
ham, and others.*

Yorke. Come firs, lay hands on them, a
This time was well watcht. What Mad
This will be great credit for your husba
That you are plotting treasons thus wit
The King shall haue notice of this thing

Buck. See heere my Lord, what the d

Yorke. Giue it me my Lord, Ile shew
Go firs, see them fast lockt in prison.

Buckingham. My Lord, I pray you let me
Vnto S. Albones, to tell this newes.

Yorke. Content. Away then, about it

C